

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 905.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 25, 1875.

VOL. XXXV. No. 19.

## The Source of Verse.

Forever more, in the heart of things,  
There are rhythmic pulsings and balancings,  
And endless responses and echoings;  
In rhythmic march days roll along;  
"Day unto day" is the psalmist's song;  
Wave rhymes with wave in the sea's glad throng;  
They dance for joy, they clap their hands,  
And in their white and crested bands  
In rhyme they roll along the sands.  
And as the childlike heart lies near  
To Nature's heart with listening ear,  
This rhythmic movement it thrills to hear.  
Hence, in the earliest human speech  
Far back where only tradition can reach  
Life's homeliest lore, 'tis the masses that teach.  
From Mother Nature rhyme was caught;  
It neither as an art was taught,  
Nor as an artifice was sought.

[Charles T. Brooks, in the Transcript.]

## Schumann's "Genoveva" and the Leipzig Stage.

[Correspondence of the Musical Record, London.]

Of the many advantages which the good old city of Leipzig offers to those who come here not solely for pleasure and amusement, but for scientific work and study, there is one which goes far to make up for the total absence of pretty scenery, the want of home comfort, and the general dulness of the town; it is the advantage of an excellent opera. And all the conditions and surroundings of opera-going are here, as they are generally on the Continent, so infinitely more inviting, so much less oppressive than in London. Ladies need not waste the greater part of the day in preparing for the formidable undertaking of the evening. One has not to rush home, dress, and dine, in a frantic hurry, and, *pour comble du bonheur*, pay ten shillings for a cab to and from the opera. Leipzig is not a city of magnificent distances; from the laboratory, from the lecture-room, from the constitutional round the "Promenade" or the "Rosenthal," we drop into our reserved seats at the opera; we feel that fashion, dress, and high prices are not the first and foremost considerations, and there is something in the whole atmosphere which tells us that we are in a temple of art where music is cultivated for its own sake. The Muses have domesticated themselves in this beautiful theatre; and it is this affinity between audience and performers which is peculiar to the Leipzig opera, and constitutes the essence of its charm. To the amateur lover of music it affords a pleasant and inexpensive recreation; while to the student of art it is a practical school in which every performance is as good as a lesson.

The leading characteristic of the Leipzig opera, and that which constitutes its chief excellence, is a good *ensemble*. The artists are, with two or three exceptions, hardly above the average; the chorus is at times lamentably inefficient; but no opera in the world can boast of a more highly cultivated band, and, whatever the merit *per se* of any given opera, the performance as a whole always reflects credit on the managers; for it gives proof of careful study and artistic treatment; both singers and band are imbued with the *feu sacré* of their art, and there is in every performance that oneness which is always traceable to the master's eye, and a rigorous

discipline. And why has the Leipzig stage reached so high a standard? Because the leading principle of the managers is to rear and train an efficient average force, to produce in the performance unity by the harmonious action of all components; because they have long since discarded that most mischievous, that most pernicious system, the "star" system—because they know that so long as that system rules supreme there can be no truly national opera. And, noble as is the task of creating a national opera in London, it will never be accomplished so long as the star system sways the sceptre. Alas for the noble efforts enlisted under such conditions! for the national opera will remain a problem, and the star system will be the rock upon which it must split. Nor is the characteristic feature of a good *ensemble* in any way peculiar to the Leipzig stage. We need not go to Paris, Munich, Vienna, or Berlin; in the opera of Dresden, Weimar, Dessau, and of all those miniature capitals which rejoice in a royal or ducal theatre, we notice the same leading idea, and in carrying it out that same consistency which enables those comparatively small stages, with their slender means and material, to give most of Wagner's and other operas which baulk the London impresario and his coadjutors; and if they cannot vie with Berlin or Vienna, depend upon it they always make a wonderfully good attempt. But Leipzig possesses all those features in a more eminent degree. The theatre is not subsidized by a court; it was raised by the town, and is a municipal institution. It is supported not only by the members of a large university, whose merits are purely intellectual, but chiefly by a wealthy commercial community, jealous of the reputation their stage enjoys, fastidious in their demands upon the managers, and determined not to put up with such stale seditions [?] as *Norma* and *Sonnambula*. And so blended is the theatre with all the interests of the cultivated Leipzig citizen, that he looks upon the artists, not as strangers who are to be shunned because they have made art their profession, not as unproductive laborers, whose work, according to Adam Smith's obsolete theory, perishes in the instant of its production; he looks upon them as his own familiar friends, and in his beautiful theatre he is as much at home as "Pindar was in Delphi." It is owing to a taste and an atmosphere so truly artistic that the Leipzig stage has become the nursery-ground on which have been reared many of the most prominent artists who now adorn Berlin, Vienna, Munich, and Dresden; and it is this true home of art which alone can claim the merit of having brought out, and successfully revived, Schumann's *Genoveva*, the great master's only opera—a work which, if it be second to any, can be second only to *Fidelio*.

The well-known legend of St. Genoveva has been treated, both dramatically and musically, by different writers. The students of the University of Prague performed in 1721 a musical drama entitled *Diva Genoveva*. Haydn wrote a *Genoveva* for Prince Esterhazy's puppet-theatre; and, quite recently, Scholtz has treated the subject in his opera *Golo*. Both Tieck and Hebbel dramatized the legend, and it is from these two dramas that Schumann has derived his book. Undoubtedly the book suffered by the combination of these two in some respects conflicting sources, and some of the dramatic situations are not as powerful as the subject admits; but, on the other hand, the book, as it is, has the great merit of being Schumann's own; and, as such, it is a striking example of the rule that, whenever the book is good, there

is a strong presumption in favor of the musical treatment being good too. With rigid consistency he disdains all scenic effects, such as we find in Meyerbeer and Wagner. The many homely touches he introduces, the poetic and intellectual spirit which pervades the whole, reveal his intensity of feeling, no less than his refined taste and culture; and the more you penetrate into the intrinsic merits of this great musical drama, the more irresistible grows the impression that such a work could only emanate from a pure and noble mind.

The salient features of the drama may be summed up as follows:—In the first act Siegfried takes leave of Genoveva; her safety he entrusts to Golo's protection; his estate and household he leaves in the charge of Drago, his faithful steward, and, surrounded by his retainers, he sets out on the crusade against the Saracens. But it now becomes apparent that Golo cannot control his secret love for Genoveva; he vows that she shall be his; and in his designs he is stimulated by Margarethe, a sorceress who promises to assist, and rid him of the chief obstacle—Siegfried.

In the second act, Golo comes at a late hour to apprise his mistress of a reported victory, and, finding her alone, is overcome by his passion; but she indignantly repels the insult, and, having thrown into his teeth his origin and position, she leaves him, crushed, and brooding revenge. Frustrated in his designs, he now vows to ruin her. Margarethe spreads among the household reports of Genoveva's intimacy with her chaplain; the servants become riotous, and Drago, with Golo's knowledge, consents to conceal himself in Genoveva's chamber, but only in order to satisfy himself that his beloved mistress is innocent. But, led by Margarethe, the servants enter the hall in a body, and, in spite of Genoveva's remonstrances and her appeals to Golo for protection, they force her chamber, where they find Drago, who is dragged out and murdered on the spot. Margarethe's and Golo's plot has succeeded. Genoveva is dragged to the tower by the infuriated crowd of servants.

The third act shows us Siegfried on his way home to Treves, detained by a wound at Strasburg, under Margarethe's care. She fails in her attempt to poison him by a drink; he recovers, and is on the point of starting, when Golo arrives with a letter from the chaplain, apprising Siegfried of Genoveva's adultery with Drago. In the face of this proof Siegfried, though crushed by the blow, commands Golo to put Genoveva to death; but, before he sets out, he determines to see Margarethe's magic mirror, in which she had promised to show him Genoveva at home. The pictures which the mirror reveals of Genoveva's growing intimacy with Drago only confirm her guilt; unable to contain himself, Siegfried strikes a fatal blow at the mirror, and rushing away, calls on Golo to revenge him. But the blow at the mirror is fatal also to Margarethe's black art; Drago's spirit rises, and commands her immediately to repair to Siegfried and confess the plot.

In the last act Genoveva is dragged into the forest to be put to death. Golo again tries to persuade her to yield, as the only means of escaping death; but she remains firm, and Golo, having ordered his men to execute Siegfried's commands, rushes away in despair, and dies by his own hand. But Genoveva spies a cross among the trees; to it she clings, for by it she will die; the men dare not murder her on the sacred spot, and, before they have time to tear her away, Siegfried, led by Margarethe, appears on the scene with his followers, and the rising

sun sees Genoveva restored to Siegfried's arms. She forgives him, she forgives all; for is not Siegfried again her own?

It will be seen that throughout the action Genoveva is the victim of brutality, wickedness, and of a foul plot into which even Siegfried allows himself to be dragged. All is against her; and her love for Siegfried, her faith in a Divine justice, and her virtue alone steel her against the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Her virtue is rewarded in the end; but Margarethe disappears, and Golo is allowed to escape. What an effect, it has been remarked, Schumann might have produced if Siegfried had surprised Golo in his final appeal to Genoveva! what a trio he might have written for such a scene! This want of great dramatic actions, and the absence of some sympathetic being who supports Genoveva in her sorest trouble, are generally regarded as the great weakness of the work; but assuming this to be a deficiency, the stage-manager has supplied it by a number of highly artistic and refined stage-effects, so that the interest in the action is maintained up to the very end. Nor did Schumann intend Genoveva to fight her battle entirely single-handed, for he introduced a characteristic figure in the shape of Angelo, a deaf-and-dumb page, who is devoted to his mistress and twice intercedes in her behalf in the hour of trial. Strange to relate, this deaf-and-dumb page does not appear, at least not entirely, in the opera as it is now given; and I cannot help thinking that, in justice to Schumann, the co-operation of this character should not be wanting. Like Fenella, he would enlist one's sympathy at once by his devotion and by that inborn vivacity peculiar to persons possessed of his infirmity, and his action would considerably heighten the dramatic effect of the whole. But for this, the managers have fully realized Schumann's poetic and lofty conception of the subject.

And what shall I say of *Genoveva* as a musical composition? As a work of art it stands alone. The arioso style, which is one of its leading characteristics, unites the opera to a continuous whole; not a bar seems wasted; there is not a crude, not a vulgar passage: Schumann does not, like the present champion of the musical drama, work himself at times into a labyrinth of apparently bewildering passages in order to give all the more prominence to a gigantic effect which follows: his effects are all there, they are produced without any effort; and it is this spontaneity which makes the music so genuine. The more we read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest this great work, the more does it grow upon us, the more clearly do we perceive that all this wealth of melody could flow only from a transcendent creative genius. For into his *Genoveva* Schumann has infused all the purity, all the freshness, the lyric beauty and originality of style, which have made him the founder of a great and healthy school. With that modesty by which real greatness always excels, he made it his aim that his work should tell by its intrinsic merits; and he accomplished his aim, for he made his *Genoveva* "a possession for all times." It is the work of a Plato rather than of an Aristotle, rather of a more gentle and polished Melancthon than of a Luther.

How is it, it may well be asked, that a work of such surpassing merit had little more than a *succès d'estime* when it was first produced? How is it that, with the exception of the overture, it has been shelved for twenty-five years, and that even now it has found a true home only on the Leipzig stage?

The want of a greater and more immediate success in 1850 was owing chiefly to surrounding conditions. Meyerbeer at that time had reached the acme of his power; his dazzling and novel effects carried all before them. Schumann's music was hardly known, and much less appreciated. The scenic arrangements appear to have been very inefficient in the old theatre. Schumann conducted in person the first two performances, and it will not be too much to say that conducting is admitted

not to have been the great master's forte. But the opera was well received. "A large number of the composer's friends and admirers," says an account in the local paper of that time, "had come to witness the first performance of *Genoveva*, and among the audience we recognized many musical celebrities from Berlin and Dresden. Dr. Schumann was received with applause when he entered, and was called before the curtain at the end of the performance, the end of every act having been marked by warm applause." *Genoveva* was successfully revived in the new theatre last winter; it has again, and with even greater success, been produced this season, and is now one of the standard operas of the Leipzig stage. And truly the greatest credit is due to the managers for the artistic care they have bestowed on the production of a work presenting so many scenic and musical difficulties. But as a performance, the great success of the opera is due almost solely to the excellent *ensemble*, to the evenness, to the unity and harmony of rendering. True, a Leipzig audience is very artistic, and though singularly undemonstrative, very appreciative; and Schumann is a household word with the inhabitants; but is not Schumann's name also a household word in London? Is not the love and taste for his music perhaps more deeply rooted and more widely diffused in London than anywhere else?

And at a time like the present, when such noble efforts are made to realize the idea of a national opera, when, as a stepping-stone towards a consummation so devoutly to be wished, there is some hope of German opera being revived next season, why should it not be possible to produce *Genoveva*, and to offer so great, so genuine a treat to those who are "moved by the concord of sweet sounds?" But on the "star" principle it is impossible; for *Genoveva* will only admit of an artistic treatment, and the "star" system is incompatible with true art; it impedes progress; it marks an artificial, stationary, and morbid state of things; cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?

### The Opera in Paris.

Mr. Henry James, Jr., in the first of his new series of letters to the *Tribune*, under the head of "Paris Revisited," (Nov. 22), thus describes a visit to the Opera:

The new Opera is open, and to all appearance very prosperous. There were many prophecies, I believe, that so elaborate an establishment could never be a paying enterprise, but the present fortune of the Opera seems to be very positively confuting them. The Winter has not begun, the class of people who keep their opera-box as they keep their coupe has not returned to Paris, and yet the magnificent house is magnificently full. On the other hand, this is a season when strangers and provincials are numerous, and every one has to go at least once to see the house. When the house has been seen it may be less crowded. The new Opera has been for any time these six years the most obvious architectural phenomenon in Paris, and this may seem rather a late day for speaking of it; but now that the whole great edifice stands complete, and that the regime that produced it has crumbled away around it, it has a sort of significance and dignity which were not down in the programme. The Opera is already an historical monument; it resumes in visible, sensible shape what the Empire proposed to itself to be, and it forms a kind of symbol—a very favorable one—of the Empire's legacy to France. There may be differences of opinion about the beauty of the building; to my sense it is in a high degree picturesque and effective, but it is not beautiful; but no one can deny that it is superbly characteristic; that it savors of its time; that it tells the story of the society that produced it. If this, as some people think, is the prime duty of a great building, the Opera is an incomparable success. It seems to me that a noble edifice should say something to a community as well as of it, and that unless, in both ways, it can speak agreeably, it had better hold its tongue. The outside of the Opera is, I repeat, however, an old story; it is only the great golden *salle* itself that is a current question. If France is down

in the world just now, there is something fine in seeing her make her protest, recover her balance, where and how she can. It does it along a certain line just now at the Opera, where they are giving the "Hamlet" of Ambroise Thomas, with Mme. Carvalho and Faure. It is the French genius alone that pays the cost of the spectacle—French architecture, French painting, French music, French singers, and certainly, in spite of Shakespeare, a French libretto. Ophelia, in her madness, comes forth and delivers her rue and rosemary to the *corps de ballet*. M. Thomas's music is ponderous and monotonous; but nobler singing and acting than Faure's, and more artistic vocalization than Mme. Carvalho's it would be impossible to find. The house is perhaps a trifle disappointing—a trifle less fabulous and tremendous than one was encouraged to suppose it. Reasonably viewed, it is superb and uninteresting. It is nothing but gold—gold upon gold; it has been gilded till it is dark with gold. This is doubtless, from the picturesque point of view, rather a fine effect for a theatre to produce. The really strong points at the Opera are the staircase and the *foyer*. The staircase is light and brilliant, though I think a trifle vulgar; an immense affair of white marble, overlaid with pale agates and alabasters climbing in divergent arms and crowned with a garish fresco of nymphs and muses, in imitation (of all people in the world) of Luca Giordano. If the world were ever reduced to the dominion of a single gorgeous potentate, the *foyer* would do very well for his throne-room. It is a most magnificent apartment, and, like the auditorium, gilded all over a foot thick—a long golden corridor, whose only reproach is that it leads nowhere. It could lead to nothing grander than itself. In the far-away ceiling, dimly and imperfectly through the dusky glow of gas and gilding, you make out the great series of frescoes by M. Baudry. They are very noble and beautiful, and the most interesting things in the building. You manage to perceive that much of this is exquisite, and you cannot help feeling a certain admiration for a building which can afford to consign such costly work to the reign of cobwebs.

### A Seventh Concerto by Beethoven.

In the programme book of a recent Saturday Crystal Palace Concert Mr. Grove speaks of a new pianoforte concerto by Beethoven. He thus refers to the discovery:—

I have sometimes expressed my belief that Beethoven looked upon the E flat concerto as his *ne plus ultra* in that line; and that after that miracle of greatness and beauty he never attempted another. It turns out now that Beethoven did actually project another pianoforte concerto, and did in fact go so far as to complete a great part of it. This discovery, I need hardly say, is due to Mr. Nottebohm, who has made so many discoveries in the ocean of Beethoven literature as to earn for himself the title of "the Beethoven explorer." His new discovery is announced in the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*, and is as follows:—"An Unfinished Pianoforte Concerto.—Beethoven intended after finishing his concerto in E flat to write another. Not only are there numerous sketches for it, but he even began to put the first movement into score, and made great progress with it. The sketches fill at least fifty pages, and belong to the time between the middle of 1814 and May, 1815. The score, of which as many as thirty sheets (equal sixty pages) are in existence, was begun not later than June, 1815. It is to be regretted that the work was not completed; but it is a question whether in that case we should ever have possessed the sonata for pianoforte and cello, Op. 102, No. 2, which the master wrote after laying aside the concerto."

Mr. Grove reminds us that the 7th and 8th symphonies, and the pianoforte trio in B flat, were all written before the dates given above. Observing that the first movement of the new treasure, as far as may be inferred from the existing score, must be all but complete, he adds:—

Perhaps I may be able to obtain a copy of the whole, and bring it to performance in this room. Every effort of Mr. Manns and myself will be used to this end. But, meantime, my correspondence with Mr. Nottebohm only enables me to say that the "thirty sheets" are widely scattered, and in the possession of many different persons, and that it must be a work of time to collect them.



### Buelow in Baltimore.

Many amusing stories have been told of Von Buelow since he came to this country, and many good things have been said about his playing. Among the most amusing and the best reports is this from the *Baltimore Bulletin*, of Dec. 11.

Dr. Hans Von Buelow is a great artist, and justly entitled to artistic eccentricities. He splashed down into our quiet art centre, and in the course of a very few hours had everything in a buzz. His style of play is so eminently disciplined, smooth and refined, and his cast of face so military and self-restrained that one hardly looks for the oddities of temper that have marked his visit here. It was the fortune of the writer hereof to see him at the rehearsal on the morning of the first concert day. He came in in a quick nervous way, stood a moment at the back of the theatre, took off his overcoat with a jerk and slammed it down. He listened for a while to the orchestra which was rehearsing one of the overtures of Gluck and nodded his head at the rhythm with a smile of approval. Suddenly, as if shot out of a gun, he disappeared, and in a moment afterward advanced through the forest of trombones and big fiddles to the conductor's stand, and seized Mr. Hamerik—his old pupil—caught him to his bosom and kissed him. This chaste yet tender dalliance lasted but a moment, and the darker side of his temper flashed out. He walked to the piano, on which hung a sign whereon was inscribed the word "Chickering." "I am not," he said with a look of scorn, "a travelling advertisement," and jerking off the sign laid the large gilt letters face downward on the stage, and cast at it a glance of hatred as though it were a loathsome reptile. Calling out to an acquaintance in the auditorium, he said in good idiomatic English: "Mr. —, that jackass has sent a sign-board down with the piano." He then lapsed into German, in which the words "Lump" and "Schweinhund" were audible. After he began the rehearsal, in one of the orchestral interludes, he got up and tipped softly around, picked up the hated sign and carried and stuck it under the tail end of the grand piano; and then in another interval walked around there and kicked it. Thus was he appased withLOOD.

But in the rehearsal the thorough mastery of the man was apparent, his clear conception of the work as a whole, his perfect knowledge of every detail of each phrase played by every instrument; and though captious and fault-finding, demanding often several repetitions of a passage, yet always patient, cheerful and inspiring. He was appreciative too, and at the end of the first movement got up and bowed to the orchestra, and caught Mr. Hamerik by both hands.

Yet at the concert we could not but think that these frequent long rehearsals in city after city must take something of the poetry and passion of the music from his soul. When so much is of necessity given to mechanism the ethereal something escapes into the void. Von Buelow's technique is simply perfect. His hand is small, but it is trained to absolute obedience to his will; and the smallness of his hand makes needful a greater use of the wrist, whose action is truly wonderful. He never strikes a wrong note; he never loses his disciplined impetus in a rush of passion; he is always clear cut, refined, vigorous, yet exquisitely delicate, magnificent in his grasp of the composition in all its unity and symmetry, splendid in his revelation of it.

The great piece of the evening was that concerto which reigns supreme, the E flat, op. 73 of Beethoven. It was played with faultless grace and skill. He does not selfishly absorb into the piano part the whole interest, but with unerring touch merges his instrument at times into a member of the orchestra, and at times rules over it, but always keeps a refined opposition of its cool pearly tone against the richer color of the orchestra. But the concerto stirred no deep emotion. It had not the breadth and majesty of Madame Auerbach, nor the rich passion of Rubinstein. Madame Auerbach is less finished; Rubinstein strikes many wrong notes: Von Buelow is faultily faultless, icily regular. We believe that he has played this concerto too often. He has ceased to love it, as Booth has ceased to love *Hamlet*.

And this was evident from his playing of Chopin. These were solos, and so, were not so worn to him as the orchestral concertos. And in hearing him we were surprised at the hostile criticisms of some of the New York press at his playing of Chopin. To our fancy he excels all others in this music; it is so exquisitely tender and poetic. Rubinstein played Chopin grandly; but Chopin is ethereal, capricious,

morbid, not grand. It was like reciting a delicate heartsick poem of Keats or Shelley in a rich resonant declamation. Poor Chopin often used to put his hand to his ears when others were playing his compositions, and say: "Oh, too much noise; too much noise; that is not my music." Von Buelow plays the wild arabesques that Chopin throws around his themes, with such a soft touch, so legato, yet so crisp, that they seem almost to be felt rather than heard, and through this the melody walls so sadly that it seems to call up the pale sad face of the composer before the listener. His is the very music of Chopin: Von Buelow understands him best. In his playing of Liszt the disadvantage of his small hand is evident. It is like all the rest, finished, intellectual, elegant, but lacks that reckless dash and rapture of the strife which is the soul of Liszt. Not to compare any further Von Buelow with Rubinstein, let anyone fresh from Von Buelow's rendition of Liszt remember if he can how the shaggy-headed Cossack played the "Erl King." If he heard it, he has not forgotten it.

Von Buelow's rendition of the Weber concerto was perfect. It seems almost harsh to say that this brilliant, showy piece was better played by him than the deep thoughted, sublime E flat of Beethoven; but it is true. But we cannot think that he should be judged by this. We prefer to think that Von Buelow is a grand interpreter of Beethoven, only we have not been so fortunate as to catch him in one of his inspired moments. The audiences were very enthusiastic, and after each performance he was called out two or three times; he always reappeared hat in hand, and administered to the audience a semi-circular bow.

### Mlle. Tietjens and her American Audiences.

[From the Same.]

Mlle. Tietjens has been in Baltimore during the week, and in spite of the weather has been acquiring some very agreeable impressions of our city and our people. She says, with a pleasant dryness, that she has seen larger audiences; but she always feels partially compensated for quantity by quality, the latter at least having been a recognizable characteristic of our's. Of audiences in the United States Mlle. Tietjens has an excellent opinion; and the judgment in such a matter of so eminent an artiste has a great deal of weight. A public singer sees and feels an audience in the theatre or concert room a great deal more than is generally supposed, and much of the success attained depends upon the temper and disposition of that audience. English audiences Mlle. Tietjens has found somewhat frigid and reserved, evincing little real sympathy with an artist's efforts, and repressing as much as possible any external display of emotion. Irish and Italian audiences are on the contrary warm and demonstrative, the former a little too much so according to some recent accounts that Mlle. Tietjens has had of the behavior of the Gods at the Theatre Royal in Dublin. But American audiences, she says, remind her of the Italian more than any others. They are warm, impulsive, and they thoroughly understand what is offered them. They are cultivated, possess a sound and well-developed critical faculty; and they are quick to express their distaste for that which is inferior. The best audiences that she has had, Mlle. Tietjens says, have been the Boston audiences, in singing to whom she found a peculiar pleasure. They were responsive and enthusiastic, and she felt that they really appreciated her art. But Mlle. Tietjens met one audience that was discouraging and exceptional, in Washington. They had as much susceptibility, she says, as so many chairs, and her singing was met with a cold impassibility that was chilling. One gentleman in front, and strange to say an editor too, presented an oasis of encouragement in this unemotional desert of cultivated respectability, and Mlle. Tietjens took heart of his cheerful and well-bestowed applause and determined to make an effort. She did, and was victorious. One by one the out-works of their reserve gave way, and before she had concluded she had them awakened into the wildest enthusiasm, which was all the more notable because of its contrast with the sentiment that had preceded it.

Of the prospects of Italian opera Mlle. Tietjens spoke guardedly. It does not appear that Mr. Strakosch sees his way very clearly to making it remunerative, and, to tell the truth, he is doubtful about securing the proper sort of artists to support Mlle. Tietjens. A paragraph in our last New York letter gave some assurance of a better outlook, but it is

questionable if we shall have much of a venture on the part of our usually indomitable impresario. Mlle. Tietjens has been much amused at the course of the press of New York in this connection. It has assumed to hold her personally responsible for the failure of New York to have a season of Italian opera, and the *Herald* in particular talks as if it had a personal grievance against her.

Our Academy of Music Mlle. Tietjens is delighted with. She says it is a beautiful house and most comfortable to sing in, the acoustic properties are so excellent. She was present at the Von Buelow concert on Monday evening. She speaks of him in terms of the warmest admiration. "Listen to that touch," she said; "was there anything ever heard to equal it? Such precision, such exquisite delicacy, such unexampled perfection of execution!"

"Rubinstein?"

"Ah, well; Von Buelow has attained to all that it is possible to attain to in the way of technical acquirement; human skill is exhausted by him; but Rubinstein has more soul, more inspiration."

### HER FIRST CONCERT IN BALTIMORE.

Mlle. Teresa Tietjens appeared in the long postponed concert, at the Academy of Music on Wednesday night, to a house not large, but very appreciative of her. A public once disappointed by a concert postponed does not rally to a second call; and the fresh first interest having died away is rarely to be warmed up again. Mlle. Tietjens's voice, however, showed but little trace of her long sickness, and though past its early freshness has still those grand qualities that have so justly given her world-wide fame. The first note of "Ocean, thou Mighty Monster," came in a great wave of tone that set all doubts at rest. Her musical declamation is superb. Every word is as distinct as if spoken; and the recitative is delivered with a certain nobleness not easy to define. The aria from *Oberon* requires a very great compass, and tests thoroughly every part of the voice, so that no defect would escape notice; and only in the very highest notes is there any loss in accuracy of intonation or in purity of tone, and nowhere is there any appearance of effort. And everywhere is evident that faultless method, that absence of the bad mannerisms that so soon wear away the voices of lesser artists.

Yet for one thing we cannot forgive Mlle. Tietjens; it is for the paltry character of most of the selections on the programme. She makes the mistake that so many make in coming here, of underestimating the musical culture of this city. We do not go to concerts to hear a great singer in a waltz of Ardit and his *Il Bacio*, nor can we endure the inevitable "Home, Sweet Home" as an encore. And we feel confident that if she had offered a programme worthy of herself her audience would have been far larger. It seemed almost sad that an artist who could have thrilled an audience with "I Know that my Redeemer liveth" or "On mighty Pens" should have gone warbling through such inanities as *L' Ardita* or *Il Bacio*. We hope before this season is over to hear her here in oratorio, for we do not feel that as yet we have truly heard the "Queen of Song."

Mr. Saurer's violin has lost none of its sweetness. His playing is firm in the traditions of the Conservatoire of Paris, lovely in tone, brilliant, highly finished. He seems incapable of a harsh tone, or of roughness or stiffness of bowing. His music ripples out of his violin with refined expression, but it is a caressing sort of thing, rather like the prattle of a sweet child than the eloquence of deep feeling. This was illustrated by the exquisite way in which he played as an encore a Berceuse, and by the tameness of his rendition of two movements of the Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven.

Madame Teresa Carreno Saurer has, we learn, like Mlle. Tietjens, recently recovered from a severe sickness; and though her beauty showed no trace of it, her playing did. Moreover it is her present misfortune to be heard in the interval between two concerts of Von Buelow, a trial that might well make the greatest quail. Signor Orlandini has a kind of a baritonish voice and did his best.—*Ibid.*

PER CONTRA. As an amusing foil to the above true praise, as well as showing to what a sublime height the critical faculty may be carried by a Yankee, we are tempted to append the following concise, conclusive notice of Mlle. Tietjens from a musical journal, called the *Clarion*, published in Salem,

Mass. The last sentence is particularly to the point, illustrating as it does the candor of the critic!

Mlle Teresse Tietjens is to-day but an ordinary vocalist. What she may have been we cannot say, but one thing is certain, she is now at discount with the best voice critics, notwithstanding some of our American journals sound loud and long notes of praise in her behalf, or perhaps in behalf of Mr. Strakosch, under whose auspices she came to this country to receive from him the little sum of \$1500 per evening. No wonder that \$1.00 is charged for the privilege of standing up in a distant corner of Boston Music Hall, and \$3.00 for a first class seat. What an imposition! Mr. Strakosch deserves to lose money as they say is the case. But this has nothing to do with Mlle. Tietjens, and yet it has, for it is not worth fifty cents to hear her sing. Her voice is old and worn out, and should have been kept as a centennial curiosity. It has lost all its sweetness and simplicity, and is to be regarded now as only a thing of immensity. Its possessor, however, is the very type of a lady and said to be very noble in her character.

### Music and the Blind.

In the forty-fourth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, the Director, Dr. S. G. Howe, speaks as follows of the place which Music holds in the education of the pupils and of its use to them in after life.

Great attention has continued to be paid during the past year to the study of music, both in its practice as an art and its theory as a science.

Instruction has been given to a large number of the pupils by a corps of five talented and able resident teachers, assisted by a few of the advanced scholars, and great facilities for musical culture have been afforded. The services of eminent professors in the city have been promptly employed whenever special instruction on some particular instrument was required; and one of the best vocal teachers in Boston has been, and is still, giving lessons in singing and vocal training to an advanced class.

Some of our blind people have also profited at times by the instruction given in the conservatories of music.

Opportunities for hearing the works of the best masters interpreted by prominent artists, have been eagerly sought and amply enjoyed by our students of music. In fact, nothing has been omitted which can contribute to the improvement of the ear, the culture and refinement of the taste, or the attainment of excellence in the art.

Our collection of the necessary appliances for a thorough musical education is more complete, and in better condition, than ever before. New instruments have been added during the past year, and several of the older ones repaired and put in good order. Our pianofortes are numerous, and in excellent condition, and our facilities for thorough practice are uncommonly good. The large church-organ, as well as the three smaller ones, does excellent service in our system of musical education.

Most of our pupils show a keen appreciation of these invaluable facilities, and many of them try by steady application and unflagging industry to turn them to the greatest advantage. A class of advanced scholars have given considerable attention to the study of the literature of music, and a great amount of matter referring to this subject has been written out by them in the Braille system. In short, the condition of our musical department continues to be as flourishing as can be desired, and new recruits from the more talented among the pupils are continually swelling its numbers.

This department is necessarily regarded as one of the most important instrumentalities in our system of training. A good course of musical instruction, while affording an abundant source of pleasure to the blind, is one of the most effective agencies in imparting to them a thorough general education. It gives to our pupils a certain degree of culture, and develops their æsthetic sense. It refines their taste, and contributes to the elevation of their character; and, above all, it puts them in a position to compete successfully with those who have been better fitted by nature for the battle of life, and secures to them the means of earning a respectable livelihood, and even of laying up a comfortable competency.

### TUNING DEPARTMENT.

Special attention has for many years been paid in this Institution to the art of tuning and repairing piano-fortes, and no pains or expense has been spared in providing the best means of instruction in this important calling.

The system of training pursued in our tuning department is both thorough and comprehensive. The lessons are accompanied by a constant examination and study of the mechanism of the piano, which renders the pupils familiar with the principles upon which the instrument is constructed, and enables them to acquire a thorough knowledge of its parts and workings.

Our advanced class of tuners have excellent opportunities for practical observation and improvement in their art. Besides their regular daily practice, they tune all the piano-fortes of the establishment, and those of our customers. Last year they took to pieces and thoroughly re-integrated a number of old piano-fortes, putting in new hammers and strings, and rendering the instruments as good as new. The work was done in a very satisfactory manner, and its execution afforded the pupils an excellent opportunity for studying the internal mechanism of pianofortes. Such practice is as valuable to tuners as the study of anatomy is to physicians or surgeons. It gives them a thorough command of their art, and enables them to undertake and execute the most difficult commissions successfully and satisfactorily.

The graduates of our tuning department generally meet with favor and encouragement from the public, and are, as a whole, successful. Most of them earn a good livelihood by tuning and repairing piano-fortes for private families, while a few are employed in factories.

There is a strong pressure for admission into this department, and our young blind men are generally very anxious to learn to tune.

This is natural. The art of tuning is a lucrative one, and its practice is not nearly so difficult as that of some other callings. It does not require of its devotees that special talent, and those high mental qualifications, which are indispensable requisites in a good teacher of music. It is mechanical, rather than scientific. A young blind man, drilled in the elements of music, and endowed with a good ear and a fair amount of mechanical skill, can learn without difficulty to tune and repair piano-fortes; while very few men, whether seeing or blind, can become first-class musicians.

But, difficult as the task is, we are obliged to resist this pressure, and to be very careful in the selection of candidates. A tuner, as well as a teacher, must not only be master of his art or profession in all its details, but a man of stainless character, of good address and natural refinement. He must be clean, tidy, and free from objectionable habits. He must win, by his skill and manners, the confidence and esteem of his customers, otherwise he will not be allowed to enter their parlors for any length of time, and will thus injure, not only his own prospects, but the reputation of others belonging to the same class with himself. People may be willing to confide their old furniture to a common blind workman for repairs, or even to buy the wares of a poor blind artisan in order to help him, but they will not intrust the instruction of their children, the care of an expensive piano-forte, or the use of their parlor to an ignorant, unscrupulous, rude, or untidy man.

No teacher of music, performer, or tuner of pianofortes, is indorsed by this Institution, or recommended to the patronage of the public, unless his instructors here have been able conscientiously to give him certificates of ability and skill in their special branches.

### Notes on "The Messiah."

BY JOHN CROWDY.\*

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The scope of "The Messiah" is indicated by its title. The words embody the facts of the Redemption, and the music illustrates the words. All the words are from Holy Writ.

It is at once the highest praise of the composer and the best advice to the hearer of the "Messiah" to say, as may be truly said, that the surest clue to the significance of the music is the sense of the words employed. Hardly for a moment, it may be safely affirmed, does Handel lose hold of his purpose of

\* A Short Commentary on Handel's Oratorio "The Messiah." By JOHN CROWDY. London: W. Reeves, Fleet Str. et.

illustrating and enforcing the sacred text which he has in hand. To point out, in language as little as possible technical, how this has been done, will be the chief aim of the ensuing notes. It is hoped that their perusal may enhance both the profit and the pleasure of listeners to the music; a result, however, which must not be expected without the exercise on the part of the listener of careful attention.

### No. 1. OVERTURE.

Though no unworthy prelude to a great work, this instrumental introduction cannot be said to have any special importance. It is a piece of dignity and vigor; nowhere sinking to triviality, and nowhere rising to intensity. It does not, as many preludes do, foreshadow coming themes. General fitness, rather than special appropriateness, justifies its position.

No. 2. RECITATIVE—Comfort ye my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

It is with this quiet, but graceful, number that the vocal portion of the greatest of oratorios opens. No music could be less demonstrative, or strained; none more absolutely at one with the words which it carries. The entry of the solo voice, with a simple phrase in the middle of its register, supported for the first note by the orchestra, which then leaves the voice uncovered; and the long holding notes against quiet motion in the orchestra; form an opening remarkable for its perfect tone of hopeful repose. A gradual increase of animation presently follows, but does not lead up to anything rapid or boisterous, the whole forming an instance of the self-possession of a master, who needs not to drive every opportunity to extremes, and knows that he can afford to let the listener wait.

No. 3. AIR—Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low; the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

This is one of the very many examples which Handel's work contains of word or phrase-painting; perhaps it would be fairer to say sense-painting; it is moreover an example of the bounds which may properly be put to the process; for while it is impossible not to perceive that the phrases of music assigned to voice and orchestra at "the crooked straight," and other points in this air, have an imitative allusiveness, it is also impossible to say that imitation has run into grotesqueness or puerility. The literal sense of the words is elegantly hinted at, both in the conformation of the voice part and in that of the orchestral accompaniment.

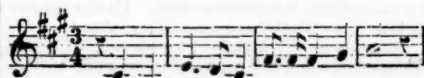
No. 4. CHORUS—And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed.

And all flesh shall see it together.

For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Here enters, in a bright, graceful theme, gradually acquiring more of dignity, and finally developing into massiveness, that great engine which no one knows how to use so well as Handel, the chorus. It is in appreciation of choruses that ordinary hearers of great works like this mostly fail. A little study should, however, reveal some of the beauties of part music to an intelligent listener, and we have here an example not altogether inapt for the experiment. Marvellous, indeed, was the artistic instinct which prescribed to the composer, unconscious perhaps of design beyond that with which the words inspired him as he passed them through his mind, the gradual development of this number, from cheerful proclamation, to the final tone of majestic asseveration.

The chorus has three sections, corresponding to its three sentences. The first theme is light and jubilant—"And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed." The alto voices announce this theme (in part) uncovered by the other voice parts,—



And the glory, the glory of the Lord

In a moment the basses—for it is to them that the theme is now given—thunder forth the same phrase in the same key, accompanied by the other



voices. The tenors next extend the little subject to the words "shall be revealed;"



shall be re- - - - veal - - - - - ed.

and the first theme is now before the hearer. For the next 18 bars the texture consists of an interlacing of the two sentences of this theme, as quoted above, the simple "And the glory of the Lord" and the more florid "shall be revealed." Then follow a few bars of silence for the voice parts.

In the second musical sentence, again announced by the altos, "And all flesh shall see it together," there is a new tone—insistence, assertion; the positiveness of inspired prophecy foreseeing the universality of the Redemption: the little reiterated passages have a close, peremptory structure, "And all flesh—shall see it—together."



The tenors echo this: then follows the third sentence, the grand monotonic oath, "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," now sustained, in steady notes each occupying a complete bar, in one of the four parts, now in another, while the brighter first theme ("And the glory,") or the less massive second phrase ("And all flesh,") appears and reappears, and plays round it; the three pieces of material are woven and interwoven, with a dexterity concealed by apparent simplicity: at length, in the 10th bar from the end, the trebles and altos in unison reassert for the last time the monotonic passage, the men's parts place under it a phrase borrowed from the second theme; and the whole ends in that broadest of harmonic expressions, a plagal cadence. Not, however, the quiet cadence of a peaceful "Amen," such as might follow "be with us all, evermore;" but a cadence—technically so called—at the top of the register of the men's voices.

Here we come to the first climax of the oratorio.

No. 5. RECITATIVE—Thus saith the Lord, the Lord of Hosts; Yet once a little while, and I will shake the heavens and the earth, the sea and the dry land; and I will shake all nations. And the desire of all nations shall come. The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in. Behold He shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts.

Here the composer, dismissing for a time his chorus, reverts to a one-voice number, a descriptive recitative for bass. The sense-painting still pervades. A grandiose phrase, beginning with the upper D, opens the declaration "Thus saith the Lord, the Lord of Hosts;" in a few bars the word "shake" brings with it an imitative run, of Handel's well-known pattern, which, rendered by a voice of sufficient volume, and with distinct and unhurried articulation, will not fail in dignity, notwithstanding its imitative conformation.

No. 6. ARIA—But who may abide the day of His coming? For He is like a refiner's fire.

Another fine piece of illustrative composition, adapted with dramatic power to the text. There are, it will be seen, two movements, the larghetto section "But who may abide," reverent in tone, and providing the necessary foil to the second, a fiery prestissimo—"For He is like a refiner's fire." The larghetto reappears; then the prestissimo breaks out again, and a fine coda of combination completes a masterly number.

No. 7. CHORUS—And He shall purify the sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.

The significance of this chorus is best understood if we see it as a continuation, in spirit, of the prestissimo of the preceding air: it is stormy, tumultuous, and almost wild in its character—a result of the combination of impetuous pace with "minor" tonality. The key to its meaning is in the word "purify;" the warrant for its animation in the application of the simile of refining. Here first in the work Handel employs to the full the effect of incessant choral animation; the activity is unflagging; the four choral masses deploy hither and thither, separate, unite, disperse again, and again combine, till the ear almost sees the organized hurry of an army under review. If the busy semiquavers which

characterize the chorus are absent for a few bars—as at the words "that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness"—from the voice parts, the orchestra takes them up.

No. 8. RECITATIVE—Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call his name Emmanuel; God with us.

Is a short number leading to

No. 9. AIR and CHORUS—O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain. O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength: lift it up! be not afraid! Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! Arise! shine! for thy light is come; and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

This is one of the master's most religious melodies, and a well-known opportunity for the contralto soloist: the graceful theme it propounds is presently taken up by the chorus, and treated in polyphony, fugally; then, at "Arise," the four parts unite and march together till the cadence. The whole of this number is brightened and bound together by a cheerful fugue in the orchestral accompaniment,



which makes its first appearance in the third bar, for the violins, is continually thrown in as opportunity serves, and recurs in the few bars of instrumentation which wind up the chorus.

No. 10. RECITATIVE—For behold darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people. But the Lord shall arise upon thee; and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

This is a number introductory to the coming aria; the germ of which, in spirit, if not in form, it contains in its orchestral suggestiveness of "darkness." At the second sentence, "But the Lord shall arise," the figure of the accompaniment, it will be noticed, changes, in accordance with the sense of the text.

No. 11. ARIA—The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

This is the air which suggested by its descriptive character such effective "additional accompaniments" to Mozart; additions so perfectly in keeping with the original that they have grown to be a part of Handel's work. There are few things in music more striking and full of character than this air, whether we study its melodial configuration, or its instrumental accompaniment. The crawling, groping, cold effect observable in performance with full orchestra comes chiefly from the reed instruments, the bassoons and oboes; the chromatic interweavings of which, as added by Mozart, almost overpaint the phrases of the text. The stringed instruments follow the voice, and for their parts Handel is responsible; this wind instruments creep about between string parts.

No. 12. CHORUS—For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given. And the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

This is one of the greatest of choruses; remarkable for its grace, doubly remarkable for its dramatic force, trebly for its admirable constructional development. Its importance is foreshadowed by a comparatively long orchestral prelude, in which the principal theme is prefigured. Some attention must be bestowed for its appreciation; and the effort will not be wasted.

A few light detached sentences in the soprano section of the choir open the vocal discourse; these, presently, the tenors repeat, the soprano proceeding to jubilant florid variation; the alti enter next with the initial phrase, the basses to them, with the florid sentence already developed by the trebles; but the subject is not here pursued far, and disappears in a few detached dialogue phrases between alti and bassi, leaving the vocal field clear for a new theme.

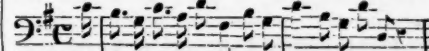
This new theme the tenors propound, in martial rhythm—"And the government shall be upon his shoulder;" it is echoed in the upper octave by the trebles, then in the lower octave by the basses, the alti accompanying in thirds; suddenly there is a dramatic sense of hurrying; a whirlwind rises among the violins of the orchestra (these must be listened to); the voice parts, up to this point separate, gather in a compact mass, and moving together in an impetuous bar of declamation, proclaim "And

his name shall be called—Wonderful!" Half a bar of silence—except for those excited and exciting violins, which sweep through the air—isolates and emphasizes the word; then the musical phrase is repeated to "Counsellor!" and similar passages—all in the simplest chords known to the key, and in the most natural rhythm dictated by the words, conclude the first proclamatory sentence of the text.

Now the first subject, "For unto us a Child is born," which has been standing aside, re-enters, the altos beginning; tenors join, then basses, in more rapid succession than before; the firm material subject "And the government" is again promptly thrown in, and in a few bars more the voices are united in a second proclamatory shout, but in another key, "Wonderful! Counsellor! the Mighty God! the Everlasting Father! the Prince of Peace!" At this last word, mark, whenever it occurs, a modulation homewards, a reposeful cadence suggested by the meaning.

It is the tenors next who lead off a recurrence to the introductory phrase; the involution of parts is repeated, and presently the climax is a third time brought about; and the detached proclamatory phrases "Wonderful! Counsellor!" are given out, with enhanced dignity, in the key of the subdominant.

There is still an unexhausted means of effect left. For a fourth time the initial phrase reappears in a single part—this time, as by turn entitled, the basses lead it; but in a moment the other three parts are thrown altogether into the field, the former material is combined in new ways; and a tremendous passage for the bass voices to the words "shall be upon His shoulder, and His name shall be called,"



leads, with a rush, and a premature outbreak of the storm for the strings, to the fourth and last utterance of the Messianic titles; with which final climax, and a cadence on "Prince of Peace," the voices conclude.

There are few more wonderful things in art than the perfect subordination of form to effect which this chorus presents. As a piece of construction, viewed irrespective of its text, it is perfect; it is no less perfect as a descriptive vehicle for its words.

With this number another section of the work closes: prophecy comes to an end, and narrative begins.

#### No. 13. PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

The tension of effect, drawn to its highest in the last number, is here again slackened; and a quiet instrumental number preludes the section of the oratorio which embodies a description of the Nativity. Peaceful simplicity is the intention of the Pastoral Symphony; and that effect is gained, first, by the absence of all that is surprising, or unexpected, or uncouth, or strange in the music; and secondly, by the adoption of the idiom of pipe or shepherds' music, prominent features of which are holding notes, or "drones," in the bass part. There is nothing specially remarkable in these few bars of orchestration, considered apart from their context; but in their place they are perfect; and furnish another example of that courage which a great mind often shows in abstinence from display where it would destroy repose.

No. 14. RECITATIVE—There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

This short recitative is of the simplest possible character; it serves however to carry on the narration, and by its simplicity to lay the foundation for the fine effects which presently gather fast, and engage the attention of the listener.

In the second section of this number:—And lo! the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid—

We find the animation increasing, though but slightly; the arpeggio figure in the orchestra excites expectancy; and the accompaniment is placed in the high register of the instruments, as a means of suggesting aerial effect,—a course further to be developed presently.

No. 15. RECITATIVE—And the Angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

The repose of the music is now being gradually abandoned; a complete change of key, with modulation by sharps, excites the ear to expectancy.

No. 16. RECITATIVE—And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,—

Another simple preparatory number, laying the key foundation for the coming dramatic chorus; noticeable also for the high placed accompaniment, again intended to suggest aerial effect.

No. 17. CHORUS—Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth; goodwill toward men.

(To be Continued.)

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 25, 1875.

### Christmas!—Handel's "Messiah."

The great festival of Christendom comes round once more. In its spirit, truly considered, it is no less than the great festival of Humanity. The morning of Christ's birth was ushered in with angel's songs, proclaiming unity and peace and good will among men. For the rejoicings of this anniversary can we conceive of any language more appropriate and true than Music! Music which gives voice to the spiritual part of us, that so refuses to be moulded into forms of thought and speech! Music, which is the natural language of the religious sentiment, a voice so human and yet so divine! Music which in all its diversity forever hints of Unity and seeks the One! and under whose influence we forget our differences and feel that in our inmost, deepest aspirations we and all earnest souls are kindred!

The air was full of music, angel voices, on the morning of Christ's birth; the heavenly instincts of humanity then, as it were, heard their own mysterious, yet native music from their long lost, forgotten home come floating down upon this mortal sea of strife and selfish, feverish, ignoble cares, reminding them of the true destiny, and inspiring hope of final reconciliation, man everywhere with man, and all mankind with God. The Child that was born was to grow up the type of perfect humanity, of a life all love and consecration to the cause of the Most High, which, properly considered, is the cause of every human being. In him history was to receive forever a bright, eminent solution of the mystery of this human nature, in the mazes of whose strange, contradictory impulses, blindly striving after unity and fulness of immortal life, yet working out continually unworthy differences and meanness, we all wander. Christ lived a model of Humanity at one with God. And the world by barren speculations, by disputes and arguments, in cunning words which define and separate and distinguish in their statement, until the living essence has almost escaped, has sought for so long to interpret and bring home his life and mission. Leave doctrinal discussion and exclusive creeds alone, and let music speak, music, which is the divine language of the great sentiments of humanity in which all can unite. The common worship of all Christendom is embodied more in its music than in any other medium. Large, humanitarian, all-embracing sentiments were the burden of the angel music at Christ's birth. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to man!" What music these texts have inspired, and how that music lives to unite our humane, upward aspirations in spite of all our intellectual and

formal differences! The *Glorias* of the Catholic mass have a sweet, true sound to the most Protestant among us: humanity, in its hour of highest consciousness of a divine relationship, and of a unitary destiny, inspired them.

But we have the whole significance of Christ's advent upon earth embodied more completely and sublimely still,—we have the Christmas emotions and associations all translated into grand and perfect forms of music, to be quickened into life as often as we will, in Handel's oratorio of "The Messiah," which was inspired, if ever any work of human genius is, directly from above. What worthier celebration of this day's happiness and this day's meaning, than to sit together where the vibrations of these grand, humanitarian harmonies shall through our senses reach our souls, and make us vibrate inwardly in unison to such high sentiment!

Our old Handel and Haydn Society, for more than half a century the representative of Oratorio among us, offers us this high privilege again this evening. We shall hear the "Messiah" brought out with the full power of the great chorus, orchestra and organ, and with the "large utterance," the glorious voice, style, fervor of a TIETJENS in the great Soprano arias. For the Alto, Miss DRASDIL, who had been announced, is prevented by illness; but her place will be acceptably supplied by Mrs. SAWYER. For the other solos the Society has engaged, Mr. MAAS, the sweet-voiced tenor of the Kellogg Opera troupe, who is said to have experience and power in Oratorio music, and Mr. JOHN F. WINCH for the Bass. It will doubtless be one of the best performances of the dear old Christmas Oratorio ever yet given here.

2. THE Christmas Oratorio begins a three days' feast of noble music. It will be followed to-morrow (Sunday) evening by *The Creation* of Haydn, given by the same Society, on the same scale of grandeur and completeness, with Mlle. TIETJENS to sing "With verdure clad," "On Mighty pens," &c., Mr. MAAS again for tenor, and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, bass.

3. On the next day, Monday afternoon, at three o'clock, comes the fourth Symphony Concert of the Harvard Musical Association, with the following programme:

Overture: "In the Highlands,".....Gade  
Piano-Forte Concerto, No. 5, in E flat, Op. 73,.....Beethoven

Allegro—Adagio—Rondo finale.  
Hugo Leonhard.

\*\*Symphony, in C, instrumented for Orchestra, by Joseph Joachim, from the Grand Duo, Op. 140,.....Schubert

Allegro Moderato—Andante—Scherzo—Allegro vivace.

\*Overture to "La Dame Blanche,".....Boieldieu  
[In honor of the Centennial of the composer; born Dec. 16, 1775]

We have already spoken of the Schubert Joachim Symphony, which undoubtedly, of all Schubert's great instrumental works, stands next in importance to the well-known ninth Symphony (of "heavenly length") in C. In the "Grand Duo," for piano, op. 140, Schubert, whether purposely or unconsciously, drew the complete outline of a beautiful and noble Symphony. All pianists who have played it together have felt that it was so; Joachim, prince of violinists, masterly musician, felt it, when he heard it played; remarked where horns, where oboes, flutes, fagotti, trumpets were suggested; felt the whole spirit and intention of the work; and there could hardly be a fitter person to transcribe it, instrument it, for full orchestra. It is an extremely difficult work to bring out for the first time, but our orchestra have become greatly interested in it and have

devoted much time to its careful rehearsal.—Nothing need be said of the "emperor" Concerto; it will speak for itself, through one who knows it well,—at heart, if not "by heart;" do not imagine that even Buelow has exhausted it.

### Concert Review.

For a wonder there has been, for two or three weeks past, a suspension of musical activity; the concert field has been almost deserted; the competition had been overdone, and the weeks before Christmas have been avoided as not favorable to such enterprise; too many other things preoccupy the mind. Between a group of entertainments, therefore, of which we had to postpone notice in our last, and the Christmas Oratorios at hand, we find but one thing to record. And that one let us seize at once, lest it give us the slip when we shall have no more room. We mean the

Second Matinée of the BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB (Messrs. LISTEMANN, and Co.), which took place in Bumstead Hall on Wednesday, Dec. 15. It was quite as interesting as the first; the audience considerably larger than it was then, though by no means worthy of a concert of such merit. The programme was as follows:

Quintet in C minor, No. 3, Op. 104.....Beethoven  
a. Allegro con brio. b. Andante con Variazioni.  
c. Scherzo. d. Presto (Finale).

Messrs. B. & F. Listemann, E. Gramm, A. Belz and A. Hartdegen.

Fantasia for Flute.....Demersseman  
Mr. E. Weiner

a. "Prayer," from Solirées a St. Petersburg, Rubinstein  
Op. 44, No. 3, E flat major.

b. Bagatelle, op. 33, No. 1.....Beethoven  
E flat major.

c. Barcarolle, arranged by Liszt.....Schubert  
A flat major.

Mr. E. Perabo.  
Hungarian Fantasia, for Violin.....Ernst  
Mr. B. Listemann.

Trio No. 2 in G major, op. 112.....J. Raff  
a. Rasch, froh bewegt. b. Sehr rasch. c. Mässig

langsam. d. Rasch, durchaus belebt.  
Second time in Boston.

Messrs. E. Perabo, B. Listemann and A. Hartdegen.

The Quintet in C minor is simply the Trio, op. 1, No. 3, which Beethoven reproduced in this form in his later days,—partly out of spite, because an unknown person, whom he called "Herr Gutwillen," had attempted the same thing. It is beautiful enough in either form, and was interpreted on this occasion by the two violins, two violas and 'cello in a most finished and satisfactory manner.—The flute solo was of course finely played; but be it played as finely as it may, we would comonly prefer to take for granted all that a flute solo has to say after the first few bars.

Mr. PERABO's contribution of three well contrasted pieces was in his most artistic and expressive style, and all were enjoyed, particularly the last. Mr. LISTEMANN's virtuosity as a solo violinist is certainly remarkable; he could hardly have chosen a more difficult piece than that Hungarian Fantasia by Ernst, nor can we well conceive hearing it more admirably executed; it was full of fire. The Trio by Raff gave us on the whole more satisfaction than almost any composition, great or small, which we have yet heard from this most prolific writer of our day. The Scherzo (second movement) is full of frolic, uncontainable humor; and the slow movement (*mässig langsam*), beginning gently and sweetly, grows to an impassioned superb climax. It was played *con amore* and with marked success.

—The third Matinée is set down for next Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 29.

—We have received the following note:

MR. EDITOR: In your notice of the Philharmonic Club concert, given at Bumstead Hall, Dec 1st, you speak of the Sextet by Beethoven, Op. 81, as if performed there for the first time in this country. The writer remembered having heard it in Boston many years ago, given with the horns, and on referring to old programmes he finds it was performed at a concert by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Dec. 9, 1852. String quartet by members of the Club,





*et toute intérêt, et réduit le chanteur à se surmener dans le rôle."*

We entirely agree with M. Gonnod, with the addition that his objection applies just as powerfully to concert rooms as to theatres, and this notwithstanding the fact of M. Davoud and M. Bourdais (both men of science), the former from an optical, the latter from an acoustical point of view, protesting that the scheme of a "vaste salle d'Opera populaire" is quite feasible. The idea originated with M. Adolphe Sax, inventor and manufacturer of the family of wind instruments appropriately styled "Saxophones."

### Theodor Mueller.

The Service for the Dead has just been read, at Brunswick, over an old man once belonging to a group of valued artists, whose great reputation extended far beyond the frontier of Germany. Quietly and silently has the last of the old Quartet of the Brothers Müller been laid in the grave. In the days of our fathers and grandfathers, when Chamber Music, which, thanks to younger men, has received a fresh impulse, constituted the real core of musical culture in our native land, the four Brothers were among the most highly-esteemed members of the art world; and it was not till long afterwards that their Quartet, during many a decennium unsurpassed, was equalled, and, certainly, even excelled, by the Florentine and by the Joachim Quartets. Though, in accordance with the spirit of the age forty years since, there was a touch of homeliness about the way in which the Brothers read and rendered a composition, their bows poured forth, in the utmost purity, a clear, golden stream of classical masterpieces; and rarely have four other artists, seated at the quartet desks, worked with such wonderful unity of musical feeling, and, by the quality of their artistic capabilities, produced so thoroughly the impression that a single directing soul hovered over the instruments. The younger Brothers Müller—four sons of the first violinist in the old Quartet—who, some fifteen years ago, made an essay to tread in the footsteps of their relatives, could not come up to the latter in this equality of artistic aptitude; the first violinist, more especially, not being able to hold his own against the violoncellist (now, as we know, a member of the Joachim Quartet). The services of the first four Brothers Müller were secured for the Brunswick Opera in its palmy days, when a Pöck, a Schmezer, and a Mad. Fischer-Achten worked there together; Georg, as conductor; Gustav, as music-director; Carl (first violin), as leader; and Theodor, as solo-violoncello. By the deaths of Carl and Gustav, now nearly a quarter of a century ago, the Quartet lost its middle instrumentalists. The other two, however, attained to a venerable old age. The first violin has been mute some few years; the last survivor, Theodor, at the age of nearly eighty, is now called away from his post—and the members of the Old Quartet are once more united.—*Berlin Echo.*

### A Musical Mæcenat.

FIVE MILLION DOLLARS FOR A COLLEGE OF MUSIC  
IN CENTRAL PARK.

When the announcement appeared in the press a few months ago that a very wealthy gentleman of this city had made arrangements to endow a musical college, but for the present his name was to be kept secret, our interest was aroused in the matter, and we determined to ascertain the name of this worthy person and his reasons for withholding his name from his fellow-citizens. We confess that our curiosity was aroused, for we could see no good reasons why the name of one who proposed to do so good an action should be withheld, but many reasons why it should be known and honored while he was yet among us. Our efforts to ferret this matter out have at last been rewarded with success.

The person who proposes to endow this college is Mr. Samuel Wood, a gentleman about eighty years of age, a native of Long Island, late a resident of Brooklyn, and now of this city. He is the surviving brother of a family of four, who composed the old firm of Wood Brothers, and who carried on the business of importers and wholesale grocers at No. 192 Front Street, in this city, for a period of nearly fifty years. They were all well known to the older merchants of this city, and esteemed as men of intelligence and pure character. None of the brothers were ever married, and it was a brotherly covenant among them that the surviving brother or brothers should inherit the portion of any deceased brother, until the last surviving brother should inherit the whole property, and thus the estate be kept intact, and finally devised, after properly providing for the most distant relatives, to some public charity or

use, as they expressed, that should benefit their country. This resolution was persistently and lovingly carried out by the brothers.

The amount of Mr. Wood's estate is variously estimated, ranging from \$3,000,000 to \$7,000,000.

The men who conceived the idea of this college of music was Dr. William Elmer, of No. 231 Fifth Avenue. He is an enthusiast in music, and his mind has been filled for years with the scheme—a feasible one, he believed—of establishing in this city a college of music, which in all departments of that science in its absolute advantages, its scope and purpose, should be unsurpassed, and perhaps without a rival in the world. This was Dr. Elmer's dream, and for years he has gone on gathering information touching the management, cost, and history of the great musical conservatories of the Old World. All this was a mere dream until Mr. Samuel Wood, learning of it, brought to bear upon it his practical wisdom and so id wealth, and lifted this idea out of the shadowy domain of dreams and placed it upon the firm foundation of fact and reality. Conspicuous among those who have worked most earnestly in the matter is Colonel Stebbins, President of the Park Commission. It was chiefly through his efforts and influence that a special act of the Legislature was secured last April authorizing the incorporation of the American College of Music, with power to take conveyances, accept donations, etc.; and also an act authorizing the Park Commissioners to convey to this college a portion of the grounds in Central Park set apart for art purposes.

As soon as the incorporating act was passed a certificate of incorporation was drawn and filed, and the following gentlemen made trustees, viz.: Henry G. Stebbins, William Elmer, E. D. Morgan, Edwards Pierpont, H. J. Jewett, Marshall O. Roberts, William H. Vanderbilt, C. L. Tiffany, Alfred T. Simonson, Daniel Kingsland, Benjamin Ray, and Morgan L. Harris. The trustees are now ready to organize, we believe, and to take possession of their lands.

The general scope of Mr. Wood's plan is, first, to erect a building on the grounds secured at Central Park that shall be an honor and an ornament to the City of New York; second, to endow the institution so munificently that the directors will be enabled to call to its service the ablest masters and composers of the world, so that Europe shall hereafter pay back to America, for the high musical culture and finishing touches of the masters, some of the tribute we have been so freely paying to her, and that there shall be a place on this continent where the children of poor parents who have talent and the aptitude for musical instruction shall not be debased because of their poverty from the best instruction and highest musical development this earth can give. It is a noble scheme.—*New York Herald.*

HOWARD GLOVER.—The death of this well-known English musician, at New York—on the 28th ult., in his 57th year—is announced in the local papers. Howard Glover was second son of the once celebrated actress, Mrs. Glover. In his earliest youth he showed a predilection for music, and was sent both to Italy and Germany to pursue his studies. He attained marked proficiency as violinist, composer, and singer, adding to this a mastery of languages, and a general culture, that not too many of his fellow artists could boast. In England Mr. Glover was chiefly occupied as a teacher, imparting to others the practical experience he himself had gained after years of diligent application. He, at the same time, won no small distinction as a composer. The works by which he is principally known are an opera in three acts, founded upon Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, of which he wrote both libretto and music; and a characteristic cantata, called *Tam O'Shanter* (first produced at the Birmingham Festival), for which the immortal poem of Robert Burns supplied the theme. He was, however, also author of many beautiful songs, set to verses by Shelley and other poets. Seven years ago Mr. Glover left England for America, whence he never returned. He has left a large family.—*Graphic.*

In the Royal Chapel of the Savoy, on Tuesday, Miss Edith Wynne was married to Mr. Aviet Agabeg, of the Inner Temple. Among the numerous friends present were Madame Patey, Mr. Cummings, Mr. John Thomas, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. Kingsbury, and other members of the musical profession. The bridesmaids were the Misses Ida and Josephine Wynne (sisters of the bride), Miss Bessie Waugh, Miss Clinton-Fyne, and Miss Patey. The bridegroom's best man was Mr. J. B. T'Anson, and the bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Richard Wynne. The service was read by the Rev. Henry White, M.A., chaplain of the Savoy Chapel Royal and Chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen, assisted by the Rev. Robert Jones, who, as an old friend of the bride, preached a short sermon, in which he spoke of her virtues and the dutiful affection she had shown to her parents in their declining years. Mr. Henry Frost, the organist, commenced the service with Handel's occasional overture, after which was played Wey's march in E flat. The procession music was from *Lohengrin*, and, on the departure after the ceremony, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The hymns, sung by the full choir of the chapel and by the congregation in unison, were "Be present, Holy Spirit," "To Thee, O loving Saviour," and Christina Rossetti's vesper chant, "God the Father, we adore." As the bride and bridegroom passed down the centre aisle, after the ceremony, they were warmly congratulated by their many friends.—*Land. Mus. World, Nov. 20.*

BEING asked the other evening the conventional question of "how he liked America," Von Buelow replied that he thought it a country of wonderful liberties. "Indeed?" said his friend, inquiringly. "Yes," said the Doctor, "and I think they have all of them been taken with me."

—Von Buelow wrote in a friend's album:—  
In art hate respectability,  
And respect ability.

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE  
LATEST MUSIC,  
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Christmas Anthem. 3. G to g. Millard. 75

"And there were shepherds."

Cheerful Christmas songs are now in order, and the old sweet story is repeated, and never more sweetly than to the words of this beautiful, varied and easy anthem by one of the best song writers. Make haste and buy it.

So long ago. 3. F to e. Barker. 30

"But my love lives, and thine is dead,

It was so long ago."

Very melodious.

Young Lochinvar. 3. Bb to f. Atwood. 40

"One touch to her hand; one word to her ear."

Scott's well known poem, always beautiful, to new, fine music.

Praise the Lord. (Benedic anima mea). 4.

C to a.

Pease. 60

A spirited anthem service.

Almost. (Sequel to "It was a dream." Cowen.

4. Ab to e.

35

"Almost,—almost,—almost,—

I thought that thou couldst love me."

Full of taking phrases, and "almost" sure to win the best of applause.

Why close thy lattice, fairest Maid? 4. F.

to e.

Glover. 35

"She comes, my peerless queen,

"Mong Stars the brightest of them all."

A serenade, marked with Glover's well-known genius.

Brown eyes has that little Maiden. For Alto

or Baritone. 3. A to e.

Osgood. 35

"Is she true, or is she heartless?

Maiden sweet that is so artless."

A delicate, dainty bit of music, already a favorite in its Soprano arrangement.

Salve Regina. 4. F to g. Cirillo. 35

"Mater misericordia."

With Latin and English words, which latter are not a translation, but of different character from the foreign text. Very expressive.

Instrumental.

Reminiscences of Cuba. 3 D. Mrs. Duer. 40

There seems to be something weird and odd in Cuban music, which has been well interpreted by Gottschalk, and now in a much easier way by Mrs. Parkhurst Duer.

Musical Offering, by F. H. H. Thompson, each, 25

1. Lightning Bug Galop. 6. Pop Gun Galop.

2. Thistle Down. 7. Silvery Sand "

3. Tunkhannock Waltz. 8. Minnaola Waltz.

4. Aloufion Galop. 9. Grasshopper Galop.

5. Cannabine Waltz. 10. Golden Grain.

Ten easy, pretty and cheap instructive pieces.

Pesth-offener Eissport Galop. (Ice Sport).

3 D.

Strauss. 35

Life in the Courts. (Aus dem Rechtsleben.)

Waltz. 3 A.

Strauss. 40

Strauss' music always good, however named.

Burletta. 4 hands. 3 Eb. Hamblin. 60

Already noticed in its 2 hand arrangement.

Hongroise. (Moment Musicale.) 4 hands.

3 F minor.

Schmidt. 25

A striking "Schubert" air, newly arranged.

La Balancelle. No. 1, Op. 126. 5 Db. Lysberg. 35

A graceful "imitative Caprice" of decided beauty.

Fern Waltzes. 3. Jacoby. 40

A name sometimes indicates the character of a composition; and this music has a sort of shy, wild beauty.

Von Buelow.

Bach's Fantasia in C minor. 6. 35

Chaconne. In F. Handel. 5. 60

Revised, fingered, &c. &c. by V. Buelow.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.



